

Superstition

What virtues inhabit mortal grace
And more ungrateful and base
Will boast it their passion
Disfigure also the noble part
Of liberality of heart
And dullness of discretion.

Of every foolish'd game we find
Affirming hecht or mind,
Perchance to imitation;
We wonder otherwise does the same,
That piece of the purest flame,
Is rather conurbation.

We know but falsely will pretend
The requites that form a friend,
Of real and a sound one;
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But sure as ready to believe
And deem that he had found one.